

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 34]

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1805.

[WHOLE No. 138

FATAL EFFECTS OF SEDUCTION.

A TALE.

(Continued from page 259.)

SHE considered no sacrifice too great to reward a love that seemed to her so disinterested as his—nor did she awake from the inebriating delusion, into which illicit love, and artful passion had steeped her senses—till cold indifference convinced her of the fatal error into which she had fallen—she was now frequently first at the place of meeting—generally the last to quit the fatal spot—where Frederick had often vowed never—never more to forsake her—if she wept he no longer regarded her tears—if she implored him to protect her—he calmly desired her to compose her spirits, and keep their secret close in her own bosom, till time should enable him to remove her, should there hereafter be a necessity for such a measure—at length he hinted, that it would be most prudent for them, to meet less frequent—as he feared their interviews had been by some means or other betrayed to the family—poor Maria trembled—then all is over and Mrs. Fitzcary will abandon me. Oh! do not forsake me, do not leave me a wretch exposed to the wild insults of an un pitying world—be calm, cried Frederick coolly, I never dreamt of deserting you—but you must be prudent, our situation is

most delicate—I have not the means of providing for you—all my hopes hang on the bishop's patronage: would you, Maria, destroy those hopes—and blight my future prospects—this appeal to the generosity of Maria, darted with the rapidity of lightning through her feeling frame—and discarding every selfish consideration, she bade him only consult his own interest, and leave her to providence—now you are a reasonable girl, said he, embracing her with more than usual tenderness—abide by my directions, and all will be very well—they separated, poor Maria to brood in sorrow over approaching infamy—and Frederick to plan new conquests.

Soon after this meeting, as the season was far advanced, the family repaired to London; Maria saw them depart with an aching heart, Frederick saw her for a few minutes only, he promised to write to her by the next post, after his arrival at the metropolis, and to lay a plan for her private departure from the Priory, before her situation should become public—poor consolation for a wounded heart. Maria, however, did not complain, her grief was too violent to vent itself in words—she suffered in silence, her health declined, and even hope had deserted her; post after post past, and no letter arrived—and poor Maria waited with a kind of apathy for her disclosure.

At length the housekeeper of the Priory to whose care Mrs. Fitzcary had confined her, suspected the cause of her long, though silent sorrow—when questioned by her, Maria confessed the real state of her situation; but refused, steadily refused to name the seducer of her heart—Mrs. Milbank, (for that was the housekeeper's name) knew not in what manner to proceed—to keep the affair a secret, was impossible—and to write to Mrs. Fitzcary, might she feared, offend her—in this dilemma, she consulted first with one friend, and then with another; till poor Maria's shame became as public, to use a common metaphor, as the noon-day sun—it was officiously transmitted to her benefactress—from whom an order arrived, for her instantly to quit the Priory, and repair to her own cottage—poor Maria obeyed in silence—she returned to weep and work, in her now miserable home.

Mrs. Fitzcary, however, in the midst of anger, had remembered mercy—she gave orders that Maria should be provided both with necessaries and attendance—and guessing but too truly who was the destroyer of her innocence—out of regard to his family, she prevented any legal inquiry from being made—by undertaking to provide both for the mother and the infant, should it survive—but this kindness, though Maria was not insensible to it, could not remove the weight of anguish that oppressed her heart—which way ever she

turned, some object or other reminded her of her former state of contentment and innocence, while busy meddling memory presented to her hands the bitter cup of sorrow and remorse—deserted by the gay companions of her youth, many of whom so far from pitying her misfortunes—with all the rancor of little minds, triumphed in her shame—while aged matrons, with unfeeling caution, held her ruined name up, as a warning and beacon to their simple descendants—who, because they had never been exposed to similar temptations, fancied themselves more virtuous and invulnerable than their fallen associate.

While things were passing in this manner in the country—let us take a cursory review of Frederick's conduct in London.

Soon after the arrival of the prelate's family, Miss Fitzcary, a fashionable fair one, and sister to the young gentleman of that name, became an intimate of the family—their mother was dead—and their father had been some years abroad, in a public station—they had in consequence been intrusted to the care of their uncle—when Frederick first took up his residence in the prelate's family—Miss Fitzcary was in the north, on a visit to a relation—from whence she had just arrived—Phillippina, (for such was her name) was very lively and good humored, but extremely vain—vast sums had been expended on her education, to very little purpose—her accomplishments were merely superficial; for she had ever detested application to books, deeming it highly absurd for a woman of fashion to trouble herself about any knowledge, but such as led to the improvement of her person—the regulations of an assembly, the rules of precedence, and the conquests of hearts—in all these important sciences the fair Phillippina was a perfect adept—as she was extremely open to flattery, Frederick felt no difficulty in making himself agreeable to her—he studied her humors, approved her sentiments, however ridiculous—adopted her prejudices—vowed she was fairer than Helen—more graceful than Venus—as majestic as Juno—but, ah! he feared cold, and unfeeling, as the severe goddess of the bow; when a woman can listen with complacency to such absurd nonsense, there is no act of folly, however ridiculous, that you may not expect her to commit.

Accordingly, we find her after a few weeks acquaintance—in which Frederick had run through the heart-rending catalogue of flames, darts, dying, and despair—preparing for an elopement to the land of Hymen, for both knew all application to friends would have been ineffectual; while engaged in this pursuit, poor Maria was forgotten—it was at this time Mrs. Fitzcary became acquainted with Maria's misfortunes; she had her suspicions we have before seen, but she confined them to her own bosom, out of tenderness to the family of Frederick, whom she well knew, could not, without embarrassing themselves, provide for the maintenance of Maria—and she feared, if she was thrown upon the bounty of Frederick, whose pursuits were more expensive than his situation warranted, that she would sink gradually, from distress to misery, till at last there would be no resource—unhoused, unfriended, but the dreadful vortex of prostitution.

While Mrs. Fitzcary, though greatly offended at Maria's conduct, and sorely wounded by the baseness of Frederick, was humanely planning to serve them both, and to shun the calamity that might have followed, had his conduct been made public. Frederick was congratulating himself that he had got so easily rid of an affair that he began to fear would have been very troublesome to him—he supposed that with respect to a certain circumstance, Maria had been deceived; and as to her feelings, on being betrayed and deserted, these were subjects he seldom condescended to think on. In short, in defiance of all the rules of equity and hospitality—he effected his intended elopement unsuspected, with Miss Fitzcary, and we must at present leave them in elegant apartments in Fitzroy square, waiting till the anger of their friends should subside; when they hoped to be restored to favor and to confidence.

(To be continued.)

SOME ACCOUNT OF THOMAS PETT THE MISER.

Late of Clare-Market.

THOMAS PETT, who died in Clifford's Passage, on the second of

June, 1803, was a native of Warwickshire. At the age of ten years he came to London with a solitary shilling in his pocket.—As he had neither friends nor relations in the capital, he was indebted to the humanity of an old woman that sold pies for a morsel of bread, till he could procure himself a crust. In the course of a few days he was engaged as an errand-boy by a tallow-chandler. Mrs Dip, a lady of London mould, however, could not reconcile herself to his rustic manners and awkward gait; so that she dismissed him one cold winter's evening, with this observation: "Your master hired you in my absence, and I'll pack you off in his." The good husband did not desert Tom; he found him out, and bound him apprentice to a butcher in the borough of Southwark. He behaved so well during his apprenticeship, that his master recommended him, when he was out of his time, to a brother of the cleaver in Clare-Market, as a journeyman. Tom's maxim was, that honesty was not the shortest road to wealth, but that it was by far the surest. For the first five years, he was engaged at twenty-five pounds a year, meat and drink. The accumulation of money, and the abridgment of expense were the two sole objects of his thoughts. His expenses were reduced to these three heads:—lodging, clothing, and washing; as to the first, he fixed on a back room, on the second floor, with one window, that occasionally admitted a straggling sun beam. As to dress, every article was second-hand, nor was he choise in the color or quality; jocosely observing, when he was twitted on his garb, that according to Solomon, there was nothing new under the sun; and that as to color, it was a mere matter of fancy; and, that that was the best which stuck longest to its integrity; then, as to washing, he used to say a man did not deserve a shirt who would not wash it himself; and that the only fault he had to find with Lord North was the duty he imposed on soap. There was one expense, however, that lay heavy on his mind, and always robbed him of many a night's sleep, and that was, shaving; he often lamented that he had not learned to shave himself; he used to console himself by hoping that beards would one day be in fashion, and that even the Bond-street loungers would be driven to wear artificial ones. He made a promise one night when he was very thirsty that as soon as he had accumulated a

thousand pounds, he would treat himself to a pint of porter every Saturday. Fortune soon put it in his power to perform this promise, and he continued to observe it till the additional duty was laid on porter; he then sunk to half a pint as he thought that sufficient for any man that did not wish to get drunk, and, of course, die in a work-house. If he heard of an auction in the neighborhood, he was sure to run for a catalogue, and when he had collected a number together, he used to sell them for waste paper.—When he was first told that the Bank was restricted from paying in specie, he shook loudly, as Klopstock the poet says, took to his bed and could not be prevailed on to taste a morsel, or wet his lips, till he was assured that all was right.

On Sundays, after dinner, he used to lock himself up in his room, and amuse himself with reading an old news-paper, or writing rhymes, many of which he left behind him on slips of paper. The following will serve as a specimen of his talents in this way :

On hearing that small beer was raised.

They've rais'd the price of table-drink ;
What is the reason do you think ?
The tax on malt, the cause I hear :
But what has malt to do with table-beer ?

He was never known, even in the depth of the coldest winter, to light a fire in his room, or to go to bed by candle light.

He was a great friend to good cheer at the expense of another. Every man, said he, ought to eat when he can get it—an empty sack cannot stand.

If his thirst at any time got the better of his avarice and water was not at hand, he would sometimes venture to step into a public house, and call for a penny-worth of beer. On these trying occasions, he was always sure to sit in the darkest corner of the tap room, in order that he might drink in every thing that was said, with thirsty ear. He was seldom or ever known to utter a word, unless Bonaparte or a parish dinner were mentioned and then he would draw a short contrast between French kickshaws and the roast beef and plumpudding of Old England, which he called the staple commodity of life. Once on a time, he was prompted, by what demon I cannot tell, to purchase a *pin* of small beer; but the moment he locked it up in his closet he repented, tore the hair out of his

wig, and threw the key out of the window, lest he should be tempted, in some unlucky moment, to make too free with it.

Thus far of the life of Thomas Pett, whose pulse, for the last twenty years of his life, rose and fell with the funds; who never lay down or rose that he did not bless the first inventor of compound interest, whose constant saying was, that gold was the clouded cane of youth, and the crutch of old age; who, for forty two years, lived in Clare-Market as a journeyman butcher; who lodged thirty years in one gloomy apartment, which was never brightened up with coal, candlelight, or the countenance of a visitant: who never treated man, woman, or child, to a glass of any kind of liquor; who never lent or borrowed a penny; who never spoke ill or well of any one; who never ate a morsel at his own expense; who never said a civil thing as far as is known, to that part of the creation which renders life tolerable; who would not trust a washer-woman with a pocket handkerchief; who looked upon all mankind to be fools or mad, who did not pile up yellow dirt, and who wanted to bargain for a coffin half an hour before he died.

About three days before his dissolution he was pressed by his mistress to make his will, which he at last reluctantly assented to, observing as he signed his name, that it was a hard thing that a man should sign away all his property with the stroke of a pen.

He left 2475*l.* in the three per cents, to distant relations, not one of whom he had ever seen or corresponded with.

The following list of his wearing apparel &c. was taken after his death by a wag in the neighborhood.

An old bald wig
A hat as limber as a pancake
Two shirts that might pass for fishing nets
A pair of stockings embroidered with threads of different colors
A pair of shoes, or rather sandals
A bedstead instead of a bed
A toothless comb
An almanack out of all date
A gouty chair, and a leafless table
A looking glass that had outlived reflection
A leathern bag, with a captive guinea &c. &c.

The following instructive piece, appeared some time since in an English Newspaper, it is now republished for the perusal of the readers of this paper, and more particularly of that class, to whom it was originally addressed.

TO THE PRINTER,

SIR,

IN one of my leisure hours the other evening to amuse myself, I took up the comedy of the Runaway, a sentiment in which, gave rise to some reflections which I wish you to lay before the young men, that they may see them; and because some of them may not have read the sentiment I allude to, and others pass it unnoticed, I will transcribe the passage.

George Hargrave has discovered, that a gentleman had gained the affections of his sister, without absolutely declaring himself to her. In answer to a question put him, that it was believed the gentleman had never addressed her—he says, So! he pretends he never made love to her! ridiculous subterfuge! he stole into her heart by the help of those silent tender observances, which are the surest batteries, when there is time to play them off. If any man had thus obtained my sister's heart, left her a prey to disappointment, and then said he meant nothing, my sword should have taught him, his conduct was not less dishonorable, than if he had knelt at her feet, and uttered a million of oaths.

Let me now ask you, ye single men if ye do not at this moment know too many of our helpless sex, whom you have reduced to this most painful of all disappointments? And can you acquit yourselves of dishonorable proceedings: ye, who have by a thousand little attentions, by ardent looks, and those various methods you have used to insinuate yourselves into the bosom of sensibility and tenderness? can you lay your hands upon your hearts, and acquit yourselves by saying, you meant nothing; you had no thoughts of matrimony? and that it is unreasonable the world should form such conjectures, as nothing was farther from your intentions; and that it is very hard a man cannot enjoy the society of an agreeable woman, but a report must be propagated that an union must take place.

It is I allow a very great hardship; but the weight falls on the deluded and too credulous fair one; while you can rear your heads triumphantly, and say you meant nothing! For in this, as in other cases, the world judges from appearances. When, therefore, a man is seen for ever at the side of an agreeable woman, who is every way suitable to him; when he takes every opportunity of expressing his partiality, though not in direct terms, yet in such as are nevertheless infallible; and when this man shall take every opportunity of evincing his partiality, to the lady herself, such as, the tender glance repeated—the frequent sigh—contriving always to be near her in company—pressing her hand when unobserved—and a hundred other ways, which trifling as they may seem in the relation, when used by a man, to all appearances amiable, and in earnest, steal into the bosom of an unsuspecting woman; can this man, in honor, exculpate himself, who thus defrauds a woman of her heart, although the word love, never passed his lips? weigh well in your minds, ye men of honor, ye men of feeling, the distress which fills the female bosom, after such a seduction of the heart and affections.

I, who address you, am a woman, with all my sex's softness; One, who has felt all the keen anguish I would wish to induce you to save my helpless sex from in future; and at a time when my soul was softened by the severest stroke of affliction it had ever sustained; when grief had left it unprotected and defenceless, it became a prey to love, and consequently, to a distress of a still deeper tincture, I am now arrived at an age, when the men no longer betray, or women believe; but like the hardy veteran, who feels his wounds smart, when he recounts his former dangers, the arrow rankles in my bosom at the recollection of sufferings which ought long since to have been forgotten.

O! ye meaneers of nothing, take yourselves to task; whatever you may think, your conduct is very reprehensible. How base! How ungenerous! to play with the affections of a deserving object, whose only weakness is, perhaps her attachment to you! How many of you, who peruse this, will view your own picture? may it have weight with you! reflect on the anguish many a heart of sensibility is sighing under;

reflect, that the impressions you have made have been owing to the amiable light you have appeared in! Be still men of honor—and repair, while you have opportunity, the ravages you have made in the female breast.

This advice may perhaps, be treated with contempt, by those to whom it is addressed, yet it is the natural happiness of the sex I am at; which you must be sensible can never be effected, while so much insincerity is practised on the man's part; but let them be just and I make no doubt of their being happy.

Your inserting the above among your very entertaining essays will oblige your friend,

CLARA.

DRUNKENNESS.

Look not thou upon the Liquor when it sparkles when it giveth color in the Cup, when it moveth itself aright: at the last it biteth like a Serpent, and stingeth like an Adder.

SALOMON.

WOULD you learn how like a serpent Drunkenness biteth, and how like an adder it stingeth—then contemplate the disgusting figure and the deplorable circumstances of Silenus. Behold this miserable wreck of a man!—He is not yet turned of forty, yet totters in his steps, like one of fourscore.—See him weakened in intellect, morose in temper, lost to all sense either of honor or shame, lost to all affection towards the wife of his bosom and the children of his own body.—Mark the stupidity of his countenance, the morose aspect of his blood-shotten eyes his palsied hand, and the leprous tetter that covers his skin.—Turn now and behold his wife—there she sits in that corner, covered with a thin tattered robe and shivering over a handful of coals.—See her pale and emaciated—her eyes dim with weeping and her cheeks furrowed with tears.—Hapless woman! who can but pity thee? who can but mingle his tears with thine? Look next on those suffering children. They receive nought but frowns and curses and blows from the man whom they had been taught to call by the endearing name of father:—yet they have a friend whose bosom throbs with tenderness toward them—but her hand is too feeble to supply their needs.—They

ask their mother for bread, but she has none to give them.—The storm howls through the broken windows, and they say, “we are cold”—she answers them only with sighs. Alas! she has none to bind up her own bleeding heart—And is this the once sensible and sprightly Silenus, fortune's child, who inherited a large patrimonial estate, whose pockets were lined with gold? Is that too the once gay and beautiful Philenia, the delight of her parents, the joy and the life of the social circle?—Is this the pair that commenced the conjugal state with prospects the most flattering?—The same. “How fallen, how lost!”—And what has wrought this terrible reverse in their circumstances? what has turned this man into a brute? what has plunged this woman into the deepest distress, inasmuch that her tears are her meat?—What has rendered these children miserable?—What fiend has poisoned and destroyed the happiness of the whole family?—That cursed fiend is DRUNKENNESS. Time was, when Silenus was a kind husband, and an affectionate father; when his company gladdened the heart of his wife, when his little prattlers used to meet him at the door and receive his fond caresses. Time was, when every room of his mansion was gilded with domestic happiness, when he ranked in society as a useful member and an ornament, and when the eye that saw him blessed him, and the ear that heard him was respectfully attentive. But Silenus looked on the sparkling liquor, while giving its color and temptingly moving itself in the cup;—he tasted, he at length tippled daily; the habit became rivetted—he plunged occasionally into intoxication, and from occasional intoxication, he at last became a downright sot.—His estate is consumed, and of all poor people, his family are among the most wretched.—“Dig they cannot,” having never been taught to labor.—“so beg they are ashamed. This is not a romance:—there are many families in our country, whose deplorable situation correspond with this description.—*Con. Cour.*

(From a British publication.)

DISTRESSES RESULTING FROM LATE MARRIAGES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I AM a physician and as my case is very extraordinary, I mean to pub-

lish for the benefit of the nation. When a man lives, as I did, unmarried till he is sixty one, he had better never marry at all. There are many ways by which a woman may torment her husband, besides being jealous of him. To give your readers some idea of my situation, take the general outlines of my history:—

The earlier part of my life I spent at college, in the study of physic, and, I don't know why, acquired the character of an old learned fellow. When I arrived at the age of forty, a vacancy happening in the neighborhood of my birth, I was invited, by my uncle, to take upon me the infirmities of all the folks within the circle of twenty miles. Before I set out, I ordered the college barber to make me what the wags called a Lion, or a Pompey, literally nothing more than a good physical wig; under the shadow of which, by the assistance of a handsome cane, properly applied to the immoveable muscles of my face, and a few very significant shrugs and solemn nods, I soon acquired the reputation of an eminent physician.

Fees came in apace; so that, in the course of twenty years, I had saved up more money than I really knew what to do with. Whether it was my learning, my person, or my money, I cannot say, but a lady of the neighborhood took a vast liking to something belonging to me. I was not so blind but I saw the conquest, for she would often come and spend a week together with me. In short I married her. I was past the years of discretion and so I married her. Oh what a condescension! A lady of her family, rank, fashion in life! As for age, indeed, she was but six years younger than myself; and for fortune, if she ever had any, she had spent it: and yet I was such a fool, as to be convinced she was conferring the greatest obligation in the world on me.

No sooner did she take upon her the management of my family, than adieu for ever to all order, peace, and comfort. She began with discharging poor Jonas, because he made so queer a figure in a queue and white stockings, which she insisted upon his wearing, that the poor fellow could not but laugh at himself.

The same day with Jonas my old wig

was discarded. It must be confessed, it grew rather the worse for wear. From long acquaintance, it had contracted such a connection and familiarity, that it no longer kept that respectful distance from each side of my face, which had so much at first distinguished it. I had, however, still continued it in service, purely from this reflection, that the older it grew, it had the less occasion for combing. A new wig had been immediately put upon the stocks, with a leather top, and a forked tail; since the arrival of which I am never suffered to stir out, let the occasion be ever so pressing, before it is combed and powdered.

Our prig of a new footman is so long twisting, and twirling, and tickling it up, that a score of patients have expired, and the fees have been lost, ere I was able to set out to receive them.

My snuff-colored suit had been reinstated every other year, from a pattern that was left in the hands of an honest taylor on the neighboring heath. He poor fellow, was likewise forbid the house, because, according to my directions, he made my clothes easy. A more fashionable operator was charged with preparing a new suit with gold button holes. He has made them fit so exactly, that I dare not bring my hands to meet before me, for fear of laying open my spinal bone.

My hat is not to be flapped any more, even though the sun shines full in my face. I am no longer suffered to wash my face, according to custom, every morning, at the pump in my back yard, though nothing was more refreshing nor any thing more handy, than the towel which revolved on a rowler at the back of the kitchen door.

On my return home the other day, from visiting a patient, I found the maid had set my study to rights, as she called it; but the confusion which the regularity has occasioned, is almost inconceivable. My toepin, my shoeing horn, and tobacco stopper, are lost forever; my papers are disposed in such order, that I know not where to recur for any thing I want. Two pair of old Manchester velvet breeches, which I left on the back of a chair have disappeared; and instead of the easy slippers which I had made out of an old pair of shoes, by cutting the straps off, I found a new pair of red leather, adorn-

ed with white stitches round the edges and made so neat, that I can't bear to walk in them.

My woolen night cap is condemned in company with my brown hose, to the vile purpose of rubbing the grates and fenders; and my wife insists that I wear one of linen, flounced on all sides, and adorned with a black ribbon, which tying together the aperture within an inch and a half of the top, carelessly flows down on the side. I took such a violent cold the first night, that it brought the defluion of humors into my right eye, which very nearly deprived me of sight. The stair case and floors, are all waxed; it saves the expense of mops indeed, but I have such falls that I have almost dislocated every joint about me. My neck is stretched out in such a manner, that I am apprehensive of having my throat cut with the paste-board.

When I remonstrate on any of these articles, she stops my mouth with a kiss, and says, My dear angel we must pay some little regard to appearances. She is as I told you, but six years younger than myself; yet she dresses, dances, and drives about, (N.B. The old blacks are condemned to the cart, and we have a pair of nag-tailed bays,) as if she was but five and twenty. This, however, and much more I could bear; I deserve it. I am content, she shall consume six and thirty yards more than my old maid Hester, in the shippings of her gown: she may play a shilling a fish at quadrille; she may do, aye, she may do what she pleases, let me but have my study to myself; let my night cap and slippers be restored, and I will submit to wear the new coat and wig every Sunday.

I am, Sir, your's &c.
S. SHALLOWBRAIN.

P. S. I long to take poor Jonas again; he used always to ride before me, and drunk or sober, he knew the shortest way all over the country. What signifies whether one's footman wears a wig or his own hair? 'Tis true, he never blacked either my boots or his own.

LIGHT ARTICLES.

A good deal of talk has been excited by the circumstance of a female sending a challenge. The common way

THE VISITOR,

has been for ladies, without giving any notice of their intentions, to play off all the *artillery* of their charms, and to shoot a man through the heart with a smiling countenance.

Those ladies who express extraordinary fondness for their husbands, in order to render their own infidelity unsuspected, are not unaptly termed *mock turtles*!

Marriages among the *haut ton* do great credit to the *skill* and *address* of the ladies, or to the *courage* of the gentlemen, since it was long ago observed, that the *uselessness* and *expensiveness* of modern women multiply *Bachelors*.

We read the other day of the *marriage of a couple*, whose joint ages amounted to 150 years. This reminds us of what we remember in an old author, who tells us, that there are three sorts of marriages. 1st. Of *God's making*—i. e. as when Adam and Eve, two young folks, were coupled together; 2dly *Man's making*, as when one is old, and the other young, as *Joseph's marriage with Mary*; and 3dly *the Devil's making*, as when two old folks marry, not for comfort but covetousness.

A virgin of twenty-three was lately throwing out some affected sneers at matrimony, when a grave friend in company observed, that "marriages were made in Heaven. Can you tell me, sir, rejoined the sly nymph, why they are so *slow* in coming down!"

Thank the stars, exclaimed a *Bond street lounge*, one evening last fall, thank the stars, the *dog days* are at end! True replied the Dutchess of D—, but what a misfortune it is, that the *puffy days* should last all the year round!

Mrs. Siddons has been improperly censured for declining to play with the Young Roscius, by some who forget that she has left off *playing with infants* a long time ago!

In the villages of Holland, among the peasants, distance is computed by *smoking of their pipes*; and they tell you, that from village to village is about a *pipe and a half*, two pipes, half a pipe &c.

A poor man complaining to a rich one of the largeness of his family, saying, it generally happened that poor people had the most children to keep, was answered, that God never sent more mouths into the world than food to supply them. Very true, replied the other, but the food is in your house and the children at mine.

A person who advertises in a Hudson paper patent Augurs for post-holes wells, &c. says, that it is believed that those who have used them in clay, sand or loomy soil, would as soon think of *eating soup with a fork*, as *digging a post-hole with a spade*.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, May 25, 1805.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the death of 26 persons during the week ending on Saturday last

Of CONSUMPTION 4—convulsions 2—childbed 1—decay 2—dropsy in the breast 1—dropsy in the head 1—drowned 1—erysipelas 1—inflammatory fever 1—nervous fever 1—scarlet fever 1—hives 2—locked jaw 1—old age 3—small-pox 1—sprue 1—surfeit 1—and 1 of syphilis.

Of whom 9 were men—7 women—6 boys—and 4 girls.

Of whom 8 were of and under the age of one year, 1 between 1 and 2—1 between 2 and 5—1 between 5 and 10—3 between 20 and 30—1 between 30 and 40—3 between 40 and 50—2 between 50 and 60—2 between 60 and 70—1 between 70 and 80—2 between 80 and 90—and one (Mingo Jackson, a black man native of Barbadoes) presumed to have arrived at the extraordinary age of one hundred and ten.

Between 4 and 5 o'clock on Monday, James Alner, formerly a general in the revolutionary army, and latterly superintendent, as we have been informed of the State-prison, was found suspended by a silk handkerchief from his bed post. We understand he left a prayer

behind him desiring that his name should be erased from the list of American Officers. Miserable man! the horrid act has blotted out thy name, but what can obliterate thy infamy. Poverty is said to have induced him to the commission of the fatal act. [Daily Ad.

EASTON (Md.) MAY 14.

The following letter was left by a Mr. John Hilliard, of the Delaware state, who commenced the study of Physic; but not making himself perfect in it previous to a meeting of the medical board held in this town in April last, he was by that board advised to return to his studies, as being unqualified for the practise of Medicine—though he had been practising some weeks, from a permit obtained for that purpose, previous to the meeting of the board. Finding himself rejected, probably from his own inattention, he expressed a determination not to survive; and on his way home he attempted to blow his brains out by a pistol, which flashed, and was further prevented by those present. In giving publicity to the letter we cannot withhold a degree of sympathy with his relations for his untimely end; and society for the rash and unwarrantable act of self-murder.

EASTON, April, 1805.

Dear Parents and Relatives,

Forgive a son, a relative, whose inattention and dissipation, has driven him to self-murder.—Never think of me more. I am unworthy of your love, affection, or esteem, much less sorrow and regard. Adieu—What Cato did, and Addison approved of who can censure. If a father has any affection for his son, indemnify Doctor Elijah Barret, who has been a very near and dear friend to me.

P. S. I hope to meet you in the kingdom of Heaven—my last prayers are to the God of my existence. I shall experience the awful realities of eternity by the medium of Laudanum.

J. H.

If you possibly can, pay all my debts.—The embarrassed state of my affairs, the reprimand of a fond father, the sighs and reproaches of an indulgent mother, and the rebuke of an aged aunt, have so

much hurt and distracted me, as to urge me on to the deliberate act of self-murder. My God! I shudder to relate it—but in my dying moments I will not deny the fact.—Pardon me, oh God! and excuse me, oh! beloved parents and relatives, and do not bewail a son and connection unworthy of you. I can say no more! my heart is ready to burst, my tears cloud my eyes. I recommend myself to God.

Dear father and mother, and J. R. C. if you love your son indemnify Dr. Barrett. Adieu.

JOHN HILIARD.

INSTANCE OF GRATITUDE.

From a London Paper.

A young man, a midshipman in the sea service, of rather obscure birth, was taken prisoner during the late Spanish war, and carried to Peru, in South-America, where he remained on parole for some years.—During this period, an accident brought him acquainted with a lady, a near relation of a very high female personage in the kingdom of New-Spain, whose influence at length procured his liberty; some time after which he returned to England.—In pursuit of his profession, he has had the fortune to have a birth on board the ship, perhaps the most successful in capturing the Spanish prizes lately arrived in our ports. It happened that this young man was detached with a party of seamen, to take possession of a valuable prize just taken; when upon boarding the ship, he found to his utter astonishment, the very lady to whose kind attentions he had been under so many obligations. It was now his singular fortune to have his case exactly reversed, to enjoy the supreme felicity of being able to repay his obligations with a large interest. The circumstance was no sooner made known to his shipmates, than with the generosity so characteristic of British seamen, the officers and crew immediately agreed to restore her property to their illustrious captive. All her large and beautiful vessels of pure gold, an immense quantity of the most valuable jewels, all her costly furniture, and property of every description to an exceeding large amount, with which she was returning to her native country, were res-

tored to her; thus nobly proving that humane and generous treatment of a British seaman in misfortune, will never fail to be gratefully remembered by his gallant comrades, when occasion shall present itself.

The fortunate Midshipman, (whose share of prize money cannot be less than between 4 and 5000l) has taken as might be supposed, his illustrious friend under his protection during her stay in this country, and they are both we believe, at this moment in the metropolis.



MARRIED.

On Wednesday evening last, Mr. John Wilson, merchant, of Albany, to Mrs. Catherine Scott, of this city.

On Thursday evening, Mr. John Hewitt, to Miss S. Carson, both of this city.

Same evening, Mr. James Olmsted, to Miss Margaret Southerland.

DIED.

On Wednesday morning, Mrs. Charlotte Sophia Dodge, wife of Mr. Ezekiel Dodge, inspector of the customs.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. FALCONER.

ON MONDAY EVENING May, 27,

WILL BE PRESENTED,
Gibber's celebrated Comedy of

SHE WOULD & SHE WOULD NOT TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED, A Comedy in two acts, called, THE FIRST FLOOR.

Scales, Weights, & Measures.

ABRAHAM CARGILL,
PUBLIC SEALER OF WEIGHTS, MEASURES, SCALE BEAMS, & YARDS,
No. 250, Water-street.

Four doors West of Peck Slip;

Where he continues to carry on his Manufactory of Tin, Copper, Brass, and Sheet Iron, Ware; and keeps on hand, a general assortment of Scales, Weights, and Measures, with a variety of Japanned Pewter, and Hollow Ware.

N. B. Weights and Measures Adjusted and Sealed at a short notice.

W. S. TURNER,

Inform his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15, PARK, to No. 71 Nassau-street, where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamentat, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.—His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.—In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15, PARK, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years: and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 61, Maiden-lane.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

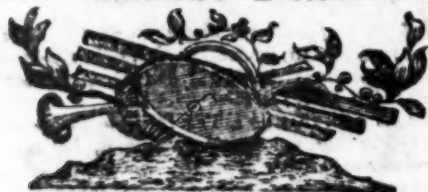
"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sores, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE.

No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York."

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's Medicine Warehouse No. 20 Bowery Lane.

Price One Dollar.



AN ODE TO SICKNESS

Written by a lady, who, for many years
labored under a hopeless
Consumption.

NOT to the rosy Maid, whom former hours
Beheld me fondly covet, tune I now
The melancholy lyre, no more I seek
Thy aid Hygeia! sought so long in vain:
But 'tis to thee O Sickness! 'tis to thee
I wake the silent strings; accept the lay;
Thou art not yrant, warring the fierce scourge
O'er unresisting victims—but a nymph
Of mild, though mournful mien: upon whose brow
Patience sits smiling, and whose heavy eye,
Tho' moist with tears, is always fix'd on Heaven.
Thou wrapp'st the world in gloom, but thou canst
tell

Of worlds whose all is sunshine: and at length
When thro' the vale of sorrow, thou hast led
Thy patient sufferers: cheering them the while
With many a smile of promise, thy pale hand
Unlocks the bowers of everlasting rest;
Where death's kind arms wait to dry their tears,
And crown them with his aramantine flowers.

Yet, I have known thee long! and I have felt,
All that thou hast of sorrow,—many a tear
Has fall'n on my cold cheek; and many a sigh
Call'd forth by thee, has swell'd my aching breast,
Yet still I bless thee, O thou chastening power,
For all I bless thee, thou hast taught my soul
To rest upon itself; to look beyond
The narrow bounds of time, and fix its hopes
On the sure basis of eternity.
Meanwhile—ever—in this transitory scene
Of what hast thou deprived me? has thy hand
Clos'd up the book of knowledge; drawn a veil
O'er the fair face of nature, or destroy'd
The tender pleasure of domestic life?
Ah no! 'tis thine to call forth in the heart
Each better feeling: thou awakenest there
That uncousin'd philanthropy which feels
For all the unhappy: that warm sympathy
Which, casting every selfish care aside,
Finds its own bliss, in seeing others blest;
That melancholy—tender yet sublime,
Which feeling all the nothingness of earth,
Exalts the soul to heaven, and more than these,
That pure devotion, which, even in the hour
Of agonizing pain, can fill the eyes
With tears of extacy, such tears perhaps
As angels love to shed.

These are thy gifts, O Sickness! these to me
Thou hast vouchsaf'd, and taught me how to prize:
Shall my soul shrink from ought thou hast ordain'd?
Shall I e'en envy the luxurious train,
Around whose paths, prosperity has strewn
Her golden toys. Ah! let them still pursue
The shining trifles; never shall they know

Such pure and holy pleasures, as await
The heart refined by suffering—Not to them
Does fancy sing her wild, romantic song—
'Tis not for them, her glowing hand undraws
The sacred veil that hides the angelic world.
They hear not in the music of the wind
Celestial voices that in whispers sweet
Call to the flowers—the young and bashful flowers!

They see not at the shadowy hour of eve
Descending spirits, who in silver wing
Glide thro' the air, and to their harps divine
Sing in soft notes the vesper hymn of praise:
Or, pausing for a moment, as they turn
Their radiant eyes on this polluted scene
Drop on their golden harps a pining tear.

Prosperity! I count thy gifts no more,
Nor thine O fair Hygeia! yet to thee
I breathe one fervent prayer, attend the strain,
If for my faded brow, thy hand prepare
Some future wreath; let me the gift resign,
Transfer the rosy garland, bid it bloom
Around the temples of that friend below'd,
On whose maternal bosom even now
I lay my aching head! and as I mark
The smile, that plays upon her speaking face
Forget that ever I had shed a tear.

THE OWL AND PARROT.

BY PETER PINDAR.

A N Owl fell desperately in love, poor soul!
Sighing and hooting in his lonely hole—
A Parrot the dear object of his wishes,
Who in her cage enjoyed the loaves and fishes.
In short, had all she wanted—meat and drink,
Washing and lodging—full enough I think.

Squire Owl most musically tells his tale;
His oaths, his squeezes, kisses, sighs prevail:
Poll cannot bear, poor heart, to bear him grieve,
So opens her cage without a "by your leave;"
Are married, and kist with raptur'd faces,
Rich words, and so forth, usual in such cases.

A day or two pass'd amorously sweet:
Love, kissing, cooing, billing all their meat.
At length they both felt hungry—"What's for
dinner?"

Pray what have we to eat my dear," quoth Poll,
"Nothing! by all my wisdom answer'd Owl;
"I never thought of that as I'm a sinner.

"But Poll, on something I shall put my paws,
"What say'st thou, deary, to a dish of rats?"
"Rats, Mister Owl, d'ye think that I'll eat rats?"
"Eat them yourself, or give them to the cats."
Whines the poor bride, now bursting into tears.
"Well Polly, would you rather dine on mouse?"
"I'll catch a few, if any in the house;
"Thou shalt not starve, love, so dispel thy fears."

"I won't eat rats, I won't eat mouse, I won't
Don't tell me of such dirty vermin—don't:
O that in my cage I had but tarried!"
"Polly, quoth Owl, "I'm sorry I declare,
So delicate, you relish not our fare—
"You should have thought of that before you married."



N. J. SMITH.

Chymical Perfumer from Lon-
don, at the New York Hair-Powder
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose
No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,
Broad-Way.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so
well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples,
redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whiten-
ing and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and
is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with
printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or
3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s.
and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pa-
matums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. 4s.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with
fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness
and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and
comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the
skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had
only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the
Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far
superior to any other for softening, beautifying and
preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold
with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber respectfully informs his employers and
the public in general, that he will continue his School at
No. 17 Banker-Street as usual; and will open another
the first of May, in that spacious, airy and beautiful
House and Situation, on the corner of Grand and Or-
chard-Streets, now occupied by Mr. Whippo. He has
employed persons to assist him in teaching, whose abil-
ities are adequate to the task of teaching English Lit-
erature in its various branches. The subscriber will
superintend both schools, and make it the top of his am-
bition to render instruction particularly useful to em-
ployers, and reciprocally discharge his duty in every
respect relating to Science, Morality and the civil de-
partment of his pupils. The subscriber purposes living
at the last mentioned House, and can accommodate sev-
eral genteel boarders, the house being very roomy, and
therewith a beautiful yard of five lots of ground covered
with grass, and shaded with cherry and peach trees.

W. D. LEZELL.

No. 17, Banker-Street, New-York.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages,
Indentures, Wills, Leases, Re-leases, Powers, Bonds,
&c. &c. on the most reasonable terms.

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